

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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CHAPTER III.

JOHN TYRRELL and his sister had always more invitations for the summer months than it was possible for them to accept, even though they invariably divided their forces, and never visited together. Miss Tyrrell was apt to be quite plaintive on the hardship of having to offer herself as a substitute for her brother, but her own position in the fashionable world was so high and so assured that, as a matter of fact, she was, and knew herself to be, little less of an acquisition than John Tyrrell himself.

The month of July was spent by the latter in yachting with some friends, and he had arranged to stay on with the same party until the second week of August. The sudden collapse of this arrangement, owing to the serious illness of the host, left him with a week on his hands, and he wrote to some old friends at whose place in Yorkshire he was due on the eleventh of August, offering himself to them nearly ten days earlier than he had been expected.

The delighted reply he received was full of hopes that he would not find the house unbearably dull until the shooting began; and as his host, who had driven him from the little Yorkshire station at which he arrived one lovely August afternoon, led the way across the large, silent hall into the apparently equally silent drawing-

room, it crossed Tyrrell's mind that he might have been wiser to go abroad for the next ten days. He had heard during the five-mile drive across the moors that there was only one other visitor in the house at present; but his host had not been communicative on the subject of that one, and Tyrrell had accordingly taken it for granted that his fellow-guest was not likely to prove interesting, and had not been curious enough even to find out whether it was a man or a woman.

The drawing-room itself was empty; but under the verandah, just outside the French windows, which stood wide open, stood a tea-table. No one was visible to the two men as they stood in the drawing-room doorway; but the indistinct murmur of women's voices came to them, and in response to her husband's cheery call Mrs. Oliphant came round the corner from the verandah into the room.

"I am so glad, so very glad to see you," said she, shaking Tyrrell warmly by the hand. She and her fine-looking husband were old country people, rich and cultivated, making a point of spending the season in town, and of knowing every one worth knowing there. They had been friends of Tyrrell's, however, long before he had come under that category, and he had known them all his life.

"It is so unexpectedly delightful to get you all to ourselves," she went on; "and perhaps it is inconsistent after that to say that we should have made up a party for you, only no one is to be had on such short notice. We have one other guest, however, who has come for a little country quiet, almost as unexpectedly as yourself. So I hope you won't be dull."

She moved towards the window as she spoke, the two men following her, and as

she stepped on to the verandah she paused and turned her head to Tyrrell, who was still inside the room, and unable to see more than the skirts of his fellow-guest.

"I had hoped to have the pleasure of introducing you two to one another," Mrs. Oliphant said. "I am quite disappointed to find that I am too late. It always seemed so strange that you should not be acquainted, having so many mutual friends."

She moved on as she spoke, and Tyrrell stepped out of the room.

"Lady Latter!" he exclaimed. "What a delightful surprise!"

Sitting in a low basket-chair by the tea-table was a little dark woman, with an ugly, piquante face, a very perfect figure, as modern fashion understands the term, very perfectly clad according to the latest dictates of the same authority. An old-fashioned critic might have objected not only to the cut of her gown, but to the signification of her features. He might have demanded whether the face of the very cleverest of women should, at thirty-five, be entirely destitute of any shade of womanly sympathy; whether any quantity of wit and brilliancy could be cited as either reason or excuse for such a pair of eyes as were lifted to John Tyrrell's face. Their owner gave him her hand with an air at once defiant and provocative, and answered with a little grimace, of which she perfectly well knew the effect.

"What a pugnacious person you must be, Mr. Tyrrell! Have we not quarrelled quite enough?"

"By no means!" he responded, promptly. "One of us has to give in, you know. Lady Latter has told you, no doubt," he added, turning to Mrs. Oliphant, "that during the week she and I spent together on Lord Southdale's yacht, the resources of the entire party were severely taxed to keep the peace between us. I wonder she did not persuade you to send me to the Antipodes!"

Mrs. Oliphant laughed.

"I am not afraid," she said. "On the contrary, I expect to see you fight yourselves into friendship. It is quite time, I'm sure. You'll have a cup of tea, won't you?"

"Thanks," he said, adding, as he took it from her: "How green and quiet you are here! The drive from the station struck me more than ever this afternoon."

Before Mrs. Oliphant could reply, a laugh from Lady Latter forestalled her.

"You must have had a terribly long journey, Mr. Tyrrell," she said. "I can only refer such a very bad compliment as that to physical and mental collapse. We may be quiet, we may, indeed, be green; but it is hardly civil of you to tell us so—so soon."

John Tyrrell looked at her as she spoke with a smile.

"You have scored, Lady Latter," he answered. "I plead guilty to arrant stupidity, and I apologise—to Mrs. Oliphant. She will have mercy on me, I know, and you will not. Pardon me if I add that I am afraid you yourself can hardly be as brilliantly penetrative as usual, or you would hardly need to be reminded that no one who knew her could speak of Lady Latter and quiet in the same breath."

Mrs. Oliphant laughed.

"This is too bad!" she said. "Where will you be by this time to-morrow if you begin so soon?"

"You are quite right, dear Mrs. Oliphant," replied Lady Latter; "it is a pity to squander valuable ammunition. I shall go in. I have welcomed Mr. Tyrrell far more effusively than he had any right to expect, and I have broken to him something of what he has before him, and now Fate sends him a respite. I am not in fighting trim, and I shall go in now and collect my forces. Until this evening, Mr. Tyrrell." And with a little mocking gesture of farewell she moved away into the house.

It was, on the surface, as Mrs. Oliphant had said, a very strange thing that, until three weeks before, Lady Latter and John Tyrrell should have known one another only by sight. They were both prominent members of London society, they were constantly to be met at the same houses; but they had never been introduced. Lady Latter was very rich; she had money of her own, and her husband was an Indian judge. The marriage had not been wholly successful—Lady Latter best knew why—and when she took it into her head to declare that the dulness and monotony of Indian society were no longer to be borne by her, Sir George Latter had done everything that lay in his power to further her future residence in London. It was now five years since she had set up her establishment in Chelsea, and her house was one of the "smartest" in London. She was not clever, nor was she witty, but she had unlimited audacity; and,

having determined to be a success, and being perfectly aware that she was neither pretty nor fascinating on conventional lines, she proceeded to make a line for herself, and substituted "dash" and "chic" for the commonplace feminine graces. She was very amusing, people said; there was nothing too cruel or too coarse for her to say, and, at the same time, she had a most useful faculty—when she thought it worth while to exercise it—of adapting her conversation to her listener's taste.

The key to the apparent mystery of her non-acquaintance with John Tyrrell lay in her very clever and far-sighted determination to stand out from the crowd. Every one knew John Tyrrell, every one raved about him. Therefore she declared, that as an actor, he irritated her, and as a man, she would not have him introduced to her. Of course, this statement was hardly formulated before it came to John Tyrrell's ears, and the mutual friend who eventually brought them together on board his yacht without previous warning to either, had been more bold than prudent. His experiment, however, had been crowned with success. John Tyrrell's vanity was touched, his reputation for fascination was at stake, and, under the circumstances, it was quite impossible to him to refrain from taxing his every resource to the utmost. So clever a man could hardly fail to take the right way with so shallow a woman, especially as he found her very amusing, and not unattractive; and Lady Latter decided with herself—with how little power to decide otherwise she herself hardly knew—that an incessantly sparkling war of wits between herself and John Tyrrell would give people quite as much, if not more, to talk about than her perseverance in her alleged dislike to him.

Lady Latter was alone in the drawing-room when John Tyrrell, a little earlier than he need have been, came down after dressing for dinner. She was evidently only just down, for she was standing at the window looking out into the garden. She turned as he opened the door.

"Ah, Mr. Tyrrell!" she said, lightly, "Fate is not kind to me. We have the field to ourselves, and I am not ready to give battle."

"The obvious retort to that is that I am afraid you must be ill," he answered. "But as I believe that really is the case, I will offer a flag of truce in the shape of very sincere regrets, and refrain from

seizing my advantage. Mrs. Oliphant tells me you are a victim to neuralgia?"

"Yes," she answered. "Too much season, I suppose. The Oliphants and I were staying with the same people about ten days ago, when I really made the most ridiculous exhibition of myself—had to go to bed, and so on—and she very kindly persuaded me to come here and try what country quiet would do for me."

"I'm afraid it has not proved exactly a sovereign remedy," he said.

"Not quite," she assented. Not even the traces of physical suffering on her face could soften it, or make it womanly; and it was more audacious and cynical even than usual, as she went on: "It has occurred to me that country quiet is hardly in my line. To tell you the truth, I have been bored to death, and I dare say I shall really be better for a little warfare. It will surprise you, no doubt, but I was actually charmed to hear that you were coming! No," as he received the words with a low bow, "don't flatter yourself! Any man would have done!"

But she looked at the man before her as though she were not at all inclined to quarrel with fortune for sending him, and not another.

Their host, who was not particularly observant, though the kindest and worthiest of men, had a serious conference with his wife that night as to whether the same house would hold their two guests for more than twenty-four hours.

"My dear, there will be a row," he said, with prophetic apprehension.

And in spite of his wife's shrewd assurances to the contrary, he was quite as much surprised as relieved to see the combatants, after breakfast the next morning, instead of flying from one another to the remotest corners of the estate, proceed together into the garden, where they prepared to spend in skirmishing the hours during which their host and hostess were inevitably occupied. They established themselves under a large cedar, in connection with which Lady Latter's fashionable hat and empire veil looked inexpressibly incongruous.

One long summer morning followed another, and though there was little or no variety in the manner in which they passed, Lady Latter's neuralgia gradually disappeared. Mrs. Oliphant, finding her two guests quite capable of amusing one another, generally left them together until lunch time; and in the cool of the after-

noon Lady Latter took to riding sometimes with Tyrrell and her host, sometimes with Tyrrell alone. The rides became longer and longer; and possibly it may have been the horse exercise which had such a beneficial effect upon her constitution, certainly it was the fatigue it produced which led to the lazily tolerant armistice which usually reigned between herself and Tyrrell during the quiet, sauntering evenings with which the days closed.

There was no change in the brilliant weather until the night before the eleventh of August, when, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, it completely broke up. On the morning of that day, on which a large party was to arrive for the shooting season, Mrs. Oliphant sat down to breakfast with a countenance expressive of the blankest despair.

"Isn't it too dreadful?" she said, piteously, addressing the table at large as the wind howled, and the rain beat against the window after a fashion which would have done credit to November. "After the lovely weather we have had it really does seem too bad. However," she went on, turning to Lady Latter, "I am glad we have not been so unfortunate while you and Mr. Tyrrell have been so dependent upon the weather for any sort of entertainment! I'm afraid you might have quarrelled in earnest if you had had a fortnight of such dreariness as this," she finished, with a smile.

"Instead of settling down like a couple of comparatively tame cats, our fate would have been that of the celebrated natives of Kilkenny, you think," replied Lady Latter, glancing across the table at Tyrrell as she spoke. "It is more than possible! Well," she added, as they all rose from the table, "we must take refuge in the drawing-room this morning, Mr. Tyrrell, and please prepare yourself to be more amusing than you were yesterday. The weather is depressing."

There was a fire in the drawing-room, notwithstanding the assertion of the almanack that it was the eleventh of August. In spite of—or perhaps even by force of contrast with—the grey, dripping desolation outside, the room looked particularly bright and attractive as John Tyrrell opened the door a little after eleven o'clock. And Lady Latter, too, looked attractive after her kind as she sat ensconced in a large chair, with her very pretty feet rather extensively exposed to view upon the fender, and the current number of the most popular society paper in her hand.

"You are late," she said, without turning her head or shutting her paper as he came in.

"Don't tell me that," he said, as he shut the door. "I've been painfully aware of it for the last half hour. Oliphant kept me."

"I told you to come and amuse me. You should not have let Oliphant keep you."

He dropped into a chair near her with a laugh.

"How like a woman!" he said. "Well, here I am at last, at any rate, and desperately anxious to be entertaining. I had a line from Estcourt this morning with some rather fine sketches of some of our friends at Pontresina. Let us see if they will serve your turn."

He began to unfasten a roll of paper he had in his hand; but she stopped him with a petulant, peremptory gesture. "No!" she said, "I know they won't. Estcourt bores me always. Besides, it's too late. I have the blues."

Her manner, in spite of her obvious efforts to make it so, was distinctly not so lively and callous as usual, and Tyrrell looked at her keenly as she sat turning over the pages of her paper before he said:

"I have the blues, too; but I'm afraid to hope the reason is the same in your case as in mine."

She looked round at him quickly.

"What is the matter with you?" she said.

"One of the pleasantest weeks I ever spent comes to an end to-day."

She looked away again quickly with a rather high-pitched laugh.

"We must have a mutual taste for battle," she said. "Do you know I am absolutely sorry, too, that it is over!"

"It has not been all battle," he answered, leaning forward, and speaking in a rather lower tone, "it has not been all battle, and it has resulted in a lasting peace I hope. Won't you shake hands on it, and won't you let me try to make our last morning as pleasant as possible?"

She held out her hand with a shrug of her shoulders and a light laugh.

"We will call it peace for the present," she said, "and you may be as amusing as you know how, for as long as you can keep it up."

The dinner-table that night presented a very striking contrast to the breakfast-table of the morning. The two afternoon trains had each brought a contribution to the Oliphants' shooting party, and the

house was now full to overflowing of girls and mammas, shooting men, tennis-playing men, flirting men, maids and valets. The whole place seemed to be full of life, and at half-past eight all that life, all the colour, light, and gaiety in the house seemed to be concentrated in the dining-room, where dinner was in full swing. The cold, grey evening was shut out; the bright, well-decorated table was brilliant with lamps and candles; every one of the sixteen new arrivals seemed to have had his or her appetite for both dinner and amusement whetted by the annoyances and discomforts of a long railway journey on a wet day, and to be bent on ignoring the dreadful atmospheric possibilities hanging over the morrow. The girls had, apparently, put on their prettiest frocks and their prettiest smiles, the men had shaken up all their conversational resources, and, as their neighbours were fortunately not disposed to be exacting, every one was pleased.

John Tyrrell and Lady Latter were on different sides of the table, each out of ear-shot of the other's conversation, but, of course, each well within the other's sight. Lady Latter's neighbours apparently failed to interest her, and she paid them very little attention. Tyrrell had on his right hand a handsome and dignified elderly lady, who was known to every one as being well worth talking to, and on his left a singularly pretty girl, who had made a success on the stage by playing little, refined, modern comedy parts admirably, because she was a lady by birth and education and had an acute natural sense of fun, and who thought that neither life nor art had anything more to offer her in the way of happiness or success. She had met Tyrrell several times, and late on in the course of dinner she turned her bright, confident face ruthlessly from the young man on her right, who thereupon was seized with a wild conviction that all the lamps and candles had suddenly gone out, and that nothing was left to him but ice pudding, and said, in her pretty, light voice:

"I don't think we have met since the Draycotts' 'at home,' Mr. Tyrrell, when we were both dreadfully bored, and one of us was—well, let us call it fractious," and she laughed musically. Nora Glynn had been a spoilt child all her life, her success had turned her pretty, empty head in no slight degree, and on the occasion in question she had been as thoroughly out

of temper as only such a very pretty girl would dare to be in public.

"I was much humiliated at failing so ignominiously, to make myself amusing," Tyrrell responded, as he echoed her laugh. "I hope to be allowed some day to try again."

"How unkind of you," she said, with a pretty little twist of her shoulders. "I think people who heap coals of fire on one are most dreadful. Don't do it any more, please; but tell me about Miss Malet. I am so interested about her, and I want so much to know all about her. I should be so glad to know her if you think she would like it."

Tyrrell looked at her with a smile lurking about his mouth. He had taken her pretty little measure long ago, and there was something irresistibly comic to him in her tone of patronising friendliness considered in connection with Selma.

"I am sure she would be charmed," he said, gravely. "What do you want to know about her? You have heard her recite?"

At this point of the conversation Nora Glynn became aware that Lady Latter's eyes were fixed upon her with an expression which made the girl mentally apply to her the words, "detestable thing." Nora Glynn did not like Lady Latter at any time, so she proceeded to push her dessert-plate absently on one side, and, resting her elbow on the table, fixed her eyes on Tyrrell's face with an expression of absorbing interest in their conversation.

"Yes," she said, "I've heard her. I know all about her in that way, of course. Personally, I mean. She is coming out in November, isn't she? Is she dreadfully frightened? Do tell her from me that one soon gets over it. I know just how she is feeling."

"I will tell her," responded Tyrrell, with the same unmoved gravity of demeanour. "She will be most grateful to you. She is very nervous, of course?"

"Of course, poor girl! She is very young, isn't she, Mr. Tyrrell? I watched her the other day, when a lot of people were saying pretty things to her, and it struck me that she must be really very young."

Tyrrell frowned slightly, and then he laughed.

"She is not at her best in society," he answered. "It is very difficult to get her to a party at all; she is all for art in the abstract, at present, and cannot see what society has to do with it."

Nora Glynn sighed, and put her pretty head sentimentally on one side.

"Ah, poor girl," she said, "we all have to go through it, Mr. Tyrrell, don't we? and grow older and wiser with time." Then, as Mrs. Oliphant rose, she lingered a moment for Lady Latter's edification, and said, with a bewitching smile, also arranged to the same end: "She's such a pretty girl, though, and every one will make such a fuss with her that, no doubt, her disillusionment won't be very bitter. She will enjoy herself awfully next season. Oh, I must go! Lady Latter and I are quite the last."

Lady Latter passed her arm affectionately through the girl's as she joined her, and they went out side by side. But they were not side by side when the men entered the drawing-room later in the evening, and about Nora Glynn's entire person was the air of one who has been snubbed and sat upon severely, but so cleverly that she could only devour her feelings in impotent silence.

Tyrrell was the last man to come in, and Lady Latter was already surrounded. He passed the little group of which she was the centre, and sat down by the wife of a fashionable novelist, who was one of the guests, a clever and very pretty little woman, with whom he was on the friendliest terms. He did not see Lady Latter follow him with her eyes; he would not have understood the odd, indefinable expression in them if he had done so. It almost suggested that she did not understand herself.

The evening passed on, and one by one the men about her dropped away, reduced, metaphorically, to cinders by her scathing tongue, and wondering what had happened to annoy her. She was sitting quite alone when "good-nights" began to be said, and she rose almost without speaking.

Tyrrell was holding the door open, and as she passed him she stopped and held out her hand, lifting her eyes suddenly to his face as she did so. Their expression was enigmatical no longer.

"Good night, Mr. Tyrrell!" she said.

"Good night, Lady Latter!"

CHILI.

THE long, narrow strip on the map which represents Chili to the untravelled eye, is not much to look at. Nor is the country itself remarkable for physical

beauty. It stretches in a narrow line from Cape Horn to the Tropic of Capricorn—a length of coast somewhere about two thousand miles. But between the sea and the inner line of the Andes—which divides the republican State from the Argentine territory—there is nowhere a greater depth than two hundred miles, and at some points the distance is only some twenty-five to fifty miles. In round numbers it has an area of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles, and a population of about two and a half millions. The greater portion of the area is arid and unattractive—even repulsive in appearance. North of Valparaiso there is little vegetation; but between Valparaiso and Valdivia is a rich and luxuriant region known as "The Garden of South America." South of this, vegetation again becomes more and more scanty as Terra del Fuego is approached.

Chili is not remarkably rich in either fauna or flora, although it does possess some peculiar forms of vegetation. One of its most curious trees is the soap-tree, in the inside of the bark of which is found a curious white growth, with many of the qualities of soap. There is also the Coquito palm, which yields a sweet sap known as palm-honey, and there are immense forests of huge timber-trees of the conifer class.

The land originally belonged to the Araucanian Indians; but was annexed in the usual way when the Spaniards overran South America in the sixteenth century. The Araucanians were a fine aboriginal race, with well-developed institutions and high conceptions of liberty. At one time they occupied a sort of tributary position to the Incas of Peru, and they were not easily subjugated by the Spaniards. In the southern part, indeed, there is still a large population of independent Araucanian Indians, estimated at about fifty thousand.

The Chilean proper is a descendant of a mixture of the Spanish and Araucanian races. His language is Spanish, and his physique largely so; but the infusion of Indian blood lends him a distinct individuality. Ever since they won their freedom and threw off the Spanish yoke, early in the present century, the Chileans have been passionately attached to representative Government, and have developed a Republican Constitution of which they are extremely proud. It is because of the alleged attempts of President Balmaceda to set aside that Constitution and govern

without a Parliament, that the present revolution has occurred.

For about eighty years now Chili has been an independent Republic, and has thriven under her independence. From being one of the least important of the Spanish Colonies, she has become one of the richest and most prosperous of the South American States. She also claims to be the best regulated and most honourable and business-like in all her dealings. In fact, it is said that the Chileans look upon themselves as the English of South America.

This prosperity has been entirely due to the mineral wealth of the country. Under that arid soil and those inhospitable-looking mountains, are treasures of gold, and silver, and copper, and iodine, and nitrate of soda, and coal, far exceeding the dreams of the old seekers after Eldorado. It is a land of earthquakes; but also of substantial riches. In the early days of the Republic, internal dissensions and revolutions were incessant; but for the last fifty years Chili has had peace within her borders, and since the bloody wars with Bolivia and Peru, between 1879 and 1881, has also been at peace with her neighbours. In the great war of independence, when the Spaniards were driven out of both Chili and Peru, a prominent figure was the gallant Scotchman, Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, who commanded the Chilean fleet, and scoured the seas of pirates. In the Chili-Peruvian war, too, many Englishmen and Scotchmen took service with the Republic.

It is, however, only within the last few years that Chili has become a familiar name with the average Briton. To financiers the Republic has long been known as a frequent floater of bonds; but until what is known as the "nitrate boom" set in, about 1889, the ordinary British investor knew little and cared less about that narrow, unpicturesque, and earthquake State on the further side of the Andes.

The extent to which England is now interested in Chili, may be measured from the fact, altogether apart from the quantity of Government Bonds held here, that there are eighteen companies registered in this country for the mining and manufacture of nitrate of soda. The aggregate capital of these companies is close upon six millions sterling, and their producing capacity is about one million tons per annum. In the conveyance of this material

to the consuming centres of Europe, there is immense employment for British vessels. There is also a railway constructed in order to connect the nitrate works with the shipping ports, with a capital of close upon three millions, mostly British, and numerous British firms are established at the ports.

Iquique is the great nitrate shipping port. When Darwin visited the place in 1835, it was a town of a thousand inhabitants, planted, as he described, in a sand-plain at the foot of a wall of rock two thousand feet high, and surrounded by a desert. To-day, Iquique is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, chiefly foreigners, well supplied with all the luxuries of civilisation, and in constant touch with the world. It is the principal terminus of the Nitrate Railway, whose extensive workshops and foundries are here; it is the seat of a garrison, and of a large British colony.

Iquique is built, like most of the Chilean towns, in square blocks, and, for the most part, of one-storeyed houses, because of the frequent earthquakes. The houses are of timber, cemented and stuccoed, and often coloured cream, orange, or blue. The general effect is pretty, and is heightened by the trees, which are tenderly reared wherever there is soil enough for their roots. Of harbour proper there is none; but in the open roadstead lie countless ships of all nations discharging cargo into lighters, or waiting for the inevitable bags of nitrate.

These come down by the railway, which now climbs far up the mountain sides, and away into the bleak Pampas beyond. There lies the nitrate kingdom, the home of those "Oficinas," which were daily flaunted in the eyes of British capitalists and speculators a couple of years ago, and in which so many thousands of Britons are still interested.

The best, and certainly the most recent, description of the land of nitrate of soda, is that given by Dr. W. H. Russell in his "Visit to Chili and the Nitrate Fields of Tarapaca," published last year by Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Company; and we shall avail ourselves largely of his guidance.

From Iquique, the railway ascends by a steep gradient, so that you soon look down upon the town and upon the scene of some of the fiercest and most famous struggles of the Peruvian War. At seventeen miles a height of thirty-two thousand feet is reached, and here, at Santa Rosa, are some

famous silver mines. Soon thereafter are reached the great plains—the Pampas—which Darwin described as remarkable from being “covered with a thick crust of common salt, and of a stratified saliferous alluvium, which seems to have been deposited as the land slowly rose above the level of the sea. The salt is white, very hard, and compact; it occurs in water-worn nodules projecting from the agglutinated sand, and is associated with much gypsum. The appearance of this superficial mass very closely represented that of a country after snow, before the last dirty patches are thawed. The existence of this crust of a soluble substance over the whole face of the country shows how extraordinarily dry the climate must have been for a long period.”

As Darwin saw the Pampas, so are they to-day, save where they are broken by the railway, and scarred by the numerous works which have sprung up. At twenty-nine miles from Iquique is the Central Station—a junction from which a branch is thrown off to the port of Pisagua, and numerous small branches, to supply a crowd of neighbouring “oficinas” with communication and transport.

From this junction the main line continues northwards, and at about thirty-six miles from Iquique, reaches its highest point—three thousand eight hundred and eleven feet above the sea. The Pampas spread out on both sides in their dreary monotony, with here and there the ruin of some adobe building marking an abandoned native factory, the general aspect reminding the traveller of the African desert, and the barren shores of the Red Sea. On this saline desert there is an oasis, in the shape of a corrugated-iron hotel, supplied with all the edibles and drinkables of civilisation which can be conveyed in glass or tin. Around here and onward there is a constant succession of “oficinas,” or nitrate factories, for a distance of about one hundred miles from Iquique.

Eighteen English companies, as we have said, are among the owners of these “oficinas”; but there are also a score or so more in the hands of Chilean companies and individuals, whose aggregate output is not far short of the total of the English factories. The industry is thus a very considerable one, and it is computed to give employment to fully fifteen thousand persons.

And so these natural hideous wastes have been made the centre of active, in-

dustrious life, of innumerable villages of Chilean work-people, of trim bungalows of European officials, and of a ceaseless quest after profit for thousands of British shareholders.

It was over these awful Pampas—a stretch of country without a drop of water in view, or a leaf or a blade of grass, with burning sand under foot and a blazing sun overhead—that the Chilean troops pursued the allied forces of the Peruvians and Bolivians, in one of the most desperate campaigns on record. It was after the tide of war had rolled over the deserts of Tarapaca that they became the property of the Chilean nation, which now derives about a third of its revenue from the export duties on nitrate of soda.

The most northern port of the nitrate region is Pisagua—formerly a small Peruvian dead-alive town, now a second Iquique. It is one of the termini of the Nitrate Railway, which has more large storehouses and workshops here. The roadstead is open, and all the landing and shipping has to be done by boats run through the surf. The town itself follows the line of the shore, and the buildings are low, wooden structures, masonry for dwelling-houses being avoided in Chili on account of the earthquakes. The trade of the place is for the most part in the hands of English, German, and Italian firms. Pisagua was fortified during the war by Peruvian and Bolivian troops, but was captured by the Chilean fleet, which bombarded the batteries and then landed a force of two thousand men to dislodge the garrison. The capture of Pisagua was one of the feats of the war of 1879.

The loading at Pisagua, and at places where the surf will not allow the lighters to come close in shore with safety, is done by means of bladder-boats, called *bolsas*. Two long bladders, made from the skins of sea-lions, air-tight, water-tight, and duly inflated, are lashed together, with a platform on the top. On this five or six bags of nitrate are deftly balanced, so as not to get wet, and watching his opportunity, the *bolsa-man* paddles off with a receding wave and floats alongside the lighter waiting in smooth water. When the lighter has received her complement, she in turn is propelled to the ocean-vessel lying in the roadstead. The nitrate porters and boatmen work about seven hours a day, hauling very heavy loads, on little other food than beans, of which, however, they consume a prodigious quantity.

Valparaiso is the commercial capital of Chili. It is here that the nitrate shipments are regulated, from here that the vessels are despatched to the various loading-places and commissioned to European ports, and here that the samples of the cargoes are tested and valued. It is an attractive-looking place as seen from the roadstead, with the background of rugged red mountains some twelve or fifteen hundred feet high, over which towers the white head of Aconagua—a mountain-mass twenty-three thousand feet high. Between the sea and the hills, and up the slopes and terraces, the town is built tier above tier, while the main street of shops, quays, and factories extends for miles along the shore. Access to the upper town and suburbs is gained by lifts from the main street, along which runs a tramway. Sixty years ago this main street was all there was of Valparaiso—indeed one side of it only, and two shops. Now it is a city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, with docks, piers, warehouses, colleges, schools, handsome shops of all kinds, hotels, clubs, theatres, railways, electric light and telephones. It has become the principal port on the West Coast of South America, and it has become so chiefly through British and American capital and enterprise. It is the centre not only of the commerce of Chili, but also of a large portion of that of Peru and Bolivia.

It is not, however, a model city. The streets are malodorous, the shore is lined with fearful drinking-dens, the prices for almost everything are exorbitant, and although it is the seat of administration of both army and navy, and head-quarters of the Department of Maritime Commerce, it has more than its share of crimes of violence.

The foreign population is large, and lives for the most part in separate communities, with their own clubs, hospitals, churches, and so on. Still there is a good deal of society, and a good deal of gaiety, in the suburban houses of the merchants built among gardens up the side of the hills.

From Valparaiso there is a railway to Santiago, the seat of Government, and the oldest city of Chili. The railway skirts the sea-coast, and then passes inland through well-cultivated country to Quillita, once the chief town of the country but now little known. Then it climbs up the mountain-side, crosses the outer range of the Andes, and descends into the plains which lie between the two great chains of

the Cordilleras. Here is Santiago, which was founded as far back as 1541, and where in the olden times the Spaniards were often closely besieged by the Indians.

Santiago is a great contrast to Valparaiso, and has more of the old tranquil *dolce far niente* of the Spanish character about it. There are innumerable churches, a fine cathedral, an opera-house, clubs, hotels, restaurants, a fine Parliament House, a handsome and commodious railway station, and an incessant round of gaiety of a sort. The evening promenade is the great event of the day, and on the whole Santiago is a pleasant city to visit, with its curious commingling of the old world and the new.

Our notice of Chili would not be complete without reference to the great visitations of earthquakes with which it is favoured—or the reverse. The Chilians live in a chronic state of dread of earthquake—past, present, or expected—and they build their houses so as to afford the readiest egress and the smallest danger from falling material. In the coast towns they have regularly-appointed routes to places of refuge on the higher grounds, in case of the great tidal waves which so often follow the earth shocks. The natives are even more nervous than strangers about earthquakes, for they have all seen some of the ruin wrought by them, and they have heard from their fathers of the dreadful destruction of whole towns in times past. So, whenever there is a severe shock, they leave their houses and flock into open places. The minor kind of earthquakes are called temblors, and produce a shaking of the earth and a rattling of doors and windows, as of some heavily-laden waggon passing along the street. These are almost of weekly occurrence—sometimes three or four shocks in a day. Sometimes even a temblor will throw down a wall; but the temblor is nothing to the violent disturbances to which the country is always liable, when the land is torn with great fissures, and the sea recedes only to rush back with fearful violence to devastate miles of coast.

The political constitution of Chili is based on that of the United States, with some differences. There is representative government by Senators and Deputies, with property qualification of one hundred and four hundred pounds respectively. The electoral franchise is partly educational, partly property: that is, an elector must be able to read and write and must have

an income of at least one hundred and fifty dollars per annum. The executive Ministers are, as in the United States, appointed by the President, who rules for five years, and who, during his term of office, is pretty much of a Dictator.

President Balmaceda seems to have made the mistake of thinking that he could govern without the Parliament, and on his own responsibility alone; but the revolt of the Congress and the support it has received both from the navy and the people, indicate that the Chilians are too fond of constitutional government to be deprived of it with impunity.

The prosperity of the country depends on its mineral resources, and the Chilians are rather jealous that the development of these is so much in the hands of foreigners. Still, they have not been able to make much of them by themselves, and are not likely to allow political passion to altogether submerge political interests. Taxation is high; but the chief revenue of the country is derived from the exports, which are totally suspended during a civil war. The present revolution is full of anxiety, both for Chilians and for Britons, who are so deeply interested in the future of Chili.

COMPARATIVE POLITENESS.

WITH every disposition to be polite and well-bred, it is quite possible to fail in being so considered by the people amongst whom you may happen to be thrown by foreign residence or travel, owing to their and your misunderstandings as to what is really politeness and good breeding.

In this respect, there exist great differences between English and French—I might say Continental—points of manners and etiquette. If one man's meat is another man's poison, it is quite possible that one man's good behaviour may be another man's ill-behaviour. "They change their sky," says Horace, "but not their mind, who run across the sea"; but if they do not change their own mind, they certainly find a change in the minds, the manners, and the social usages of others.

It is as well to be aware of these differences which prevail when once the silver streak has been crossed. Are you sure you know how to behave properly on many an occasion, when your native town, county, or country has been left behind?

Please be so good as to excuse the question, because everybody does not know how when such a contingency happens to them. To point out instances in which they might be likely to err, both in public and in private life, might perhaps give great offence. It will be better, therefore, to put the inexperienced reader in the way of proving that he belongs to the civilised world abroad, by giving a few hints respecting the usages of society, as laid down by Madame La Baronne Staffe.*

The Baronne begins with the etiquette respecting births and christenings; but it is hardly needful for us to start quite so early in life's career. My younger readers will naturally prefer to know how courtships ought to be conducted, according to the regulations established in France, and probably more or less in other civilised nations of the European continent. But I doubt whether they, especially the young ladies, will approve these particular rules, because they confirm the belief that a French girl, whose face is her fortune, however well brought up and educated, has but small chance of finding a fitting husband.

That this statement is no calumny, is constantly evidenced by popular French journals, both serious and comic. The "Petit Journal," whose sale is considerably more than a million daily, publishes a feuilleton, or serial romance, entitled "Trois Millions de Dot," A Dowry of Three Millions (of francs), by Xavier de Montépin, a favourite author, whose inexhaustible talent, fertile imagination, and so forth, are lauded by the editor in the highest terms.

The "Journal Amusant" depicts a suitor, or his agent, closeted, note-book and pencil in hand, with the father and mother of the intended bride.

"We are to say, then, one hundred thousand francs?" he asks. "It is not much."

"But, you know, she is our only child. After us, she will inherit everything we have."

"At about what date, do you suppose?"

A little girl is trundling her hoop, in company with a young gentleman of her own age. After a few merry runs, she is so pleased that she says to her play-fellow:

* "Usages du Monde, Règles du Savoir-Vivre dans la Société Moderne," par La Baronne Staffe. Paris: Victor-Havard, 168, Boulevard Saint-Germain, 1890.

"You will be my little husband—won't you?—when I am grown up?"

"We shall see," he answers. "If you are very rich; yes, perhaps."

Two peasants meet in the village street. One, decrepit, crowned with a cotton nightcap, hobbles along with the aid of two sticks. The other, younger and stronger, communicates his views.

"My lad, Emile, has a great liking for Jules's daughter. But I had much rather that he should marry yours; because you are a great deal older than he is, and he won't have so long to wait for his expectations."

A husband and wife are walking in their garden, engaged in confidential chat.

"It will not be so difficult to settle Clara. She is a good-looking girl, and will go off with a reasonable dowry. But to Julie, who has lost all her front teeth, we shall be obliged to give twice as much."

"Suppose we buy her an entire set of false ones. That will be cheaper."

And so on, with variations in different styles.

This is the way in which a regulation match should be made. A young man has remarked a young lady, and wishes to obtain her for his wife; but he does not point-blank ask for her hand in marriage. That is, he must not pay court to his intended sweetheart, and obtain her consent directly from herself. Oh, no! It would be highly improper to make love in that simple and straightforward way, after the manner of Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses. He must confide his intentions, first to his own parents, or, in default of them, to some aged friend or superior, whose intimacy justifies his taking such a step.

The person who has received the young man's confidence enters into communication with some intimate friend of the young lady's family, in order to arrange a meeting between the two young people, which will decide whether the project can be carried any further. That is, in other words, "trot him, or her, out." But before broaching any matrimonial scheme, the intermediaries are bound to obtain precise information respecting the fortune, the social standing, and even the genealogy of the two families in question.

Nevertheless, it is not always, perhaps not often, that the young gentleman takes the initiative at all. Relations and friends have come to the conclusion that Monsieur

X. and Mademoiselle Y. are a suitable couple in respect to position, possessions, and expectations; and, once decided, the thing is done, in accordance more or less with the formalities here described. And, in the majority of cases, a happy marriage is the result. In French middle classes, husband and wife regard each other as representing not merely a union of affection, but also a commercial partnership. Madame often thinks she has as much right in the shop or the counting-house as Monsieur has. And, in many cases, her influence and advice are exerted for good. Not unfrequently, she takes the lead, and maintains perfect acquaintance with and command over ledger and bank-book.

Those who intend making a Continental marriage are left to follow the Baronne's instructions respecting the subsequent steps of their project. It is strange that France should complain of her decreasing population, while her law does all it can to delay and to deter her population from marriage. The maintenance of parental authority seems to have been a greater object with her legislators than the legitimate union of loving couples. It may be supposed that the compilers of the Civil Code did not foresee the consequences of their work.

If a man of sixty has parents still living, he cannot marry without their consent except by sending them a "respectful remonstrance" through a process-server; and then he has to wait a certain time, if they persist in their refusal. If they are dead, he must produce certificates of their death; which may be difficult, inconvenient, or even impossible. Moreover, a marriage of mixed nationality, to be valid in France, must be contracted in strict conformity with French marriage law.

Passing on to another problem in politeness—the arrival of a stranger who intends to reside in a town or country neighbourhood—who is to make the first call or visit, with the object of thereby commencing acquaintance?

With us, the new comer waits to be called upon, unless bearing special letters of introduction to special persons or families. I knew, however, a good old curate who, arrived in a new parish, and finding that nobody came to see him, copied Mahomet's conduct with regard to the absent mountain, and that with signal success.

It is important to direct attention to this detail of etiquette, because the practice

on the opposite sides of the English Channel, like the side of the road you are to take in driving, is exactly the reverse the one of the other. And untoward misunderstandings have occurred from ignorance or non-observance of the established rule. One party has thought the other uncivil and inhospitable, because it did not receive the welcome expected by the stranger; the other party, namely, the old established residents, pronounced the new comer to be haughty and exclusive, because he made no move towards an interchange of civilities.

Our French *monitress* orders you, when you arrive in a new residence to pay visits to the people with whom you desire to open relations.

In order to re-enter the houses where you have been graciously received, as well as where you have met with no more than ordinary civility, you must wait till your visit has been returned. It may happen, nevertheless, that some affliction may have fallen on the house where you have called; or you may have to thank the family for some obliging act or service performed in your favour. In the former case, you should leave your card turned down at the corner; in the second, you pay a fresh visit, to express your thanks; and then you wait again.

Still, the persons whom you have been to see are not obliged to enter into relations with you. They are at liberty, in return for your call, to merely send you a simple card. You must not manifest the least resentment. "Sympathy is not obligatory;" but you will not return to those houses under any pretext.

In those first visits, the new arrival explains the reasons which have induced him to make the call. "As I have come to reside in your town or village"—giving the address of the house so occupied—"I have taken the liberty to knock at your door, and gratify my desire to make your acquaintance, after the favourable mention I have heard of your name—or because we are such near neighbours—or because I shall esteem it a great honour to know you."

In the course of conversation, you can impart such information respecting yourself as is likely to inspire confidence; you can offer satisfactory references. But unless you are a man of mark, bearing a well-known or official name, it is prudent to wait awhile before making these introductory calls. Local circumstances and

events will offer opportunities of friendly acquaintance with your neighbours.

We should scarcely expect that in India (Calcutta) the French rule should be followed rather than the English. Miss Umbers informs us, in her graphic and interesting "Overland, Inland, and Up-land"—which gives a vivid picture of life in the East—that, if there are any formal calls to make, they must be performed during the interval between breakfast and tiffin—a most inconvenient custom, as it takes one out in the fierce heat of noon; but it is accounted for by the theory that every lady takes a siesta in the afternoon, and by the fact that everybody drives out in the evening. On further acquaintance, one often ascertains that people do not rest in the afternoon, and that these hours are consequently not tabooed with them; but a first or formal visit must always be paid about noon.

Another uncomfortable rule prescribes that new comers shall call first upon residents, instead of the contrary home-practice, so that the awkwardness of making way in an entirely new society is thrown upon strangers, who thus incur a three-fold risk: of calling upon those who consider it an intrusion; not calling upon those who expect it; and calling upon the wrong people first—a serious matter in a country where precedence is jealously insisted on. In up-country stations, offence is often given in this way; but Calcutta is large enough for a greater degree of freedom; and after leaving cards at Government House and the Bishop's Palace, it is not difficult to arrange one's other calls.

Let us suppose that the carriage has been duly ordered, the coachman has received, and understood, his directions, and the caller has arrived at the gate of the first house on the day's list. Here, perhaps, the horses are stopped, and the *durwan*—lodge-keeper, or hall-porter—comes to the carriage door with the concise announcement, "*Darwaza bund*"—literally, "The door is shut." This is the Calcutta substitute for the polite falsehoods used in England to keep out visitors at inconvenient times; and it saves a great deal of trouble. One has only to send out this order to the *durwan*, and it is his duty to see that no one enters the gates. The order being a general one, no offence is taken, and the caller merely leaves a card and drives away, unless she comes by appointment, or is sufficiently

intimate to write a message on the slate which the durwan generally produces in case of a parley. This, of course, calls forth a few words of explanation as to why visitors are not admitted, or procures an entrance. The carriage drives in, the durwan, or a bearer, shows the visitor upstairs, and the coachman and syce go to sleep on the box till the call is over.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.

By way of a cheerful walk one would not exactly choose the Old Bailey, where the Sessions House and Newgate Prison seem to have absorbed a coating of blackness and gloom that neither sun nor rain can bleach or brighten. The bustle of the sessions, even, does not make the place lively. The people who hang about the entrances, and confer at times with the policeman on guard, have a discontented, weary look; the prisoner on bail exchanging brief, impressive communications with a wife or a sweetheart, has little consolatory to say to the woman with the red, swollen eyelids. And Newgate and its surroundings lie like a great black blotch on a neighbourhood full of strenuous modern enterprise. Yet it is worth while to pass along the Old Bailey for the thrill that is inspired by the gloomy old prison, with the fetters festooned along its front, with the iron-bound door long disused that opens into mid air, where the scaffold was raised on hanging mornings. The carriers' carts that still load up for pleasant Sussex and Surrey villages among heaths and commons, in the open space under the prison walls, suggest more cheerful associations; and, coming into Newgate Street, old Saint Sepulchre's looks so big, and bright, and white, and clean, that, in spite of recollections of a doleful ditty about "When Saint Sepulchre's bell doth toll," it suggests rather wedding bells than dismal processions to Tyburn Tree, and the sight of a carriage and pair, adorned with white favours, rather strengthens this impression.

But we have nothing to do with Newgate Street except to get safely across it, and here is Giltspur Street, which was once Knight-rider Street, and which, by either name, suggests the gay procession of knights in damascened armour with golden

spurs, riding on to the jousts in Smithfield:

Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumph hold.

The object most characteristic in Giltspur Street at the present day is the "Watch House," just at the corner of Saint Sepulchre's churchyard, a small, circular building, the "Roundhouse," in fact, perhaps the very last relic remaining of the City watch—of the old Charleys, with their resonant call, that some yet living may remember to have heard when lying awake in the silent watches of the night. The Roundhouse, too, had an eye, no doubt, to the churchyard in its rear, where resurrection men might be at work on any dark night.

Here, at the end of Giltspur Street, is Smithfield itself, with its somewhat vague and unsatisfactory open space, designed neither for use nor ornament, with the meat-market opposite, stretching out plain and unlovely among surrounding buildings. And close at hand is the solid, heavy frontage of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, with its courts and porticos, thronged by students this morning, gathered in knots and groups, and full of talk and chaff. In curious contrast to the classic contours of the buildings, is the little, old-fashioned church of Saint Bartholomew-the-less, which gives a kind of ecclesiastical or collegiate aspect to the precincts.

But beyond the hospital, visible over the roofs of a clustered mass of houses, rises a quaint brick, battlemented tower, with a bell-turret and a clock, a tower which has a battered, weathered appearance; so that although not exactly an antiquity—for the tower cannot be of earlier date than Queen Anne's time—it inspires interest as an old-fashioned relic of other days and other manners. But so compassed about with nests of dwellings is the quaint brick tower, that there is no visible way of getting at it, till a nearer approach reveals, among the houses and shop fronts that border that side of Smithfield, a charming old gateway, almost hidden under the projecting storey of a house above, and hedged about with shop windows, and advertisements of pickles and sauces; and on the twisted ironwork that fills the upper part of the arch you read that here is the entrance to the priory church of Saint Bartholomew. There is nothing more curious and

venerable to be seen than this in all London. The archway is of an elegant early English character, with dog-tooth ornaments, and mouldings, that, if somewhat battered and defaced, have all the more interest and artistic value on that account. For here the old gateway has stood ever since the days of Cœur de Lion and the Crusades, at all events, and all the pageantry of the passing centuries has passed it by. It has seen the jousts and tournaments in old Smithfield, which it first knew as a green meadow, with an elm grove, under whose shade the scholars of the City schools would meet and dispute in literary academic fashion. And when all the tide of chivalry had passed, and the tide of Reformation, too, with the martyrs' stakes, and fiery tortures of persecution, the fair still survived to keep up the memory of those old times; that great fair for cloth and draperies, which at one time brought cloth-weavers to London from all parts of England. The booths of the clothiers and drapers were erected in the churchyard, on ground now covered with houses, which still bears the name of Cloth Fair, and were safely locked in at night within the priory enclosure. But the business part of the fair was declining, even before the priory was dissolved.

Passing under the old gateway, Bartholomew's Close is entered, where once were ranged the dwellings of the canons regular of the priory. It is a quaint old place, all shut in, as it seems, although there are alleys and passages, known to the initiated, that lead in all directions—to the bustle of Aldersgate Street, or the quietude of Cloth Fair.

Even these old-fashioned timber and plaster houses have seen noble and distinguished tenants in the old Close. Here lived Lord Rich, that wily and perfidious lawyer, who was Henry the Eighth's Attorney, and afterward Chancellor, and who came in for the spoils of the priory. Among other things, he acquired the chartered right of holding the fair, which passed to his descendants, the Earls of Holland and Warwick, which rights were bought up by the Corporation of London about half a century ago, in order that the fair might be extinguished. And in Elizabeth's time, and the days of the Stuarts, there was no lack of distinguished residents round about, and starched ruffs and cloaks, and long rapiers and jewelled daggers, and fardingales and quilted petticoats, were as common in the neighbourhood as now

the workman with his basket, or the old woman, with all her worldly goods tied up in a handkerchief, looking out for a night's lodging. For the Close is no longer aristocratic, though still respectable, and is the seat of many useful industries, with a coffee-shop and lodging-house at the corner, and "rooms to let" announced in the window of a tall, upstanding tenement.

When you have crossed the top of the Close, you find yourself once again pleasantly surprised by a scene of unexpected interest. There stands the embattled brick tower at the end of a paved footpath; the path bordered on one side by a high wall, with monumental tablets scattered here and there, adorned with fragments of cherubim and fractured angels, while on the other side is a little enclosed churchyard, bordered by tall, old-fashioned houses, leaning this way and that. The stout old tower, with the soft and changing gradations of colour spread over the worn and weathered brick-work, supports what seems to be the gable end of the church, plain and unpretending with its plastered front and big ugly window of no particular order of architecture, and yet clinging to this, and embedded with and built into it, a tall old house, with its long low windows, stands corner-wise to the other houses, that look down upon the churchyard. And with a ray or two of spring sunshine stealing over the grey, softly-tinted, weather-stained walls, that throw a refracted gleam upon the tombs and the scaffold poles that are piled above them, there is something indescribably moving and pathetic in the whole scene. Everything is perfectly still and quiet, although we are almost in the very heart of London; the stillness is that of a cloister, the roar of London streets hardly penetrates to this secluded spot, and only the pleasant tinkle of a workman's trowel breaks the spell of silence.

At the foot of the old brick tower is a porch, where the door stands invitingly open. There is a funny door in the tower over our heads, which, opening into mid-air, suggests an easy way of getting rid of unwelcome guests. But such speculations are cut short by the view opening out from the entrance to the church. The element of surprise is again strongly present. Nothing in the exterior or the surroundings of the church gave a hint of such a scene as this. Here everything is stern, and grand, and massive. Massive

round columns support semicircular Norman arches, the triforium stage above is of the same stern and simple character, and the fabric terminates in a noble apse, where the arches are squeezed as it were into a narrow, stilted form, above which is a richly-ornamented arcade, while the clerestory is represented by quaintly zig-zagged panels.

Such as we see it here is the choir of the ancient priory of Saint Bartholomew, restored a good deal, no doubt, for the place was shamefully knocked about in times gone by; but in essentials the veritable building that echoed so long to the plain song of the old monks who sleep so peacefully under our feet. The choir is almost perfect. As for the nave of the old church, we may look for its foundations among the tombs in the churchyard we have just passed through. And the transepts—where are they, and the square, squat, central tower that once completed the edifice, after the regular pattern? Here is the arch of the north transept all blocked up with bricks and huge stones, while overhead rose the tower with its wooden, leaded spire, that was rather a source of weakness than of strength to the ponderous edifice. The south transept is all boarded up; but we are here just in time, for workmen are hammering away up aloft, and strip by strip the light matchboarding comes tumbling down, and presently the whole transept is revealed, all faithfully restored as it existed in the time of the old monks, with later monuments replaced as nearly as may be in their original positions.

That the transept is of lighter and more recent mould than the stern, simple, Norman choir, is to be attributed to one of the old Priors, who, under the inspiring influence of some great gift or legacy, set to work to lighten and modify the old pile, raising the roof and putting in a new clerestory, as well as raising the transept arches and remodelling the transept in the then prevalent style. So much we may read in the stones, and many other interesting records are to be met with of the same character.

The tomb of the founder, for instance, in a handsomely carved shrine of the fourteenth century, occupies one centre bay between the pair of round, sturdy Norman columns. And here lies the effigy of Prior Rahere, minstrel, it is supposed, and some say jester, at the Court of Henry the scholar: a pleasant-witted gentleman, Stow calls him. We may consider him as

the literary person of the period, not over rich, it seems, but having sufficient interest both in Court and City to obtain a site for a priory, and funds to build it. The church was completed, A.D. 1123, and may thus claim to be the oldest church in London—not counting the Chapel of Saint John's in the Tower, which may or may not have been completed earlier. But where so much has perished, the preservation of Rahere's tomb is a marvel; and although it has been restored and beautified at various times, it still retains, no doubt, its original features.

A beautiful oriel window of the Tudor period occupies the place of one of the triforium arches on the side opposite Rahere's tomb; and among its rich adornments appears the rebus of its builder—a hogshead or tun, transfixed with an arrow or bolt—for Bolton, the last Prior, who had it constructed in communication with the prior's house which adjoined the church on that side, whence the Prior could see all that went on, without being himself observed. Most interesting, too, is the ambulatory which runs round the whole of the choir, with its massive arches, and powerful contrasts of light and shade. Here, to-day, an artist has set up his easel, and is bringing in the old apse with a monk and a fair penitent. And many a picturesque scene might be recalled, for these old walls make a true and exact setting. Such as the visitation of Boniface of Savoy, that vigorous and carnal Archbishop, who is said to have worn a coat of mail under his cassock, and who buffeted the sub-prior and the brethren, while his men-at-arms kicked and cuffed them all round. Or it might be a criminal flying to the altar for sanctuary, while the sheriff and his men are baffled in their hot pursuit.

Under the shadow of the ambulatory, too, are to be found many interesting monuments. A very fine one in coloured marbles, with gilded escutcheons, to Sir Walter Mildmay, one of Queen Elizabeth's trusted councillors, and a commissioner for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. And there is a fine head in dark-coloured marble, representing one James Rivers, of Charles the First's time,

Torn from the service of the State in's prime,
By a disease malignant at the time.

This Rivers, by the way, was a descendant of one who was steward or surveyor to Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham—let

us hope not the unjust one, who, in Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," betrays his master to his doom.

Many other interesting monuments are there in this noble old church, which forms such a quiet, impressive resting-place in the midst of the busy wilderness of London. Not that it is particularly quiet at this moment, for the workmen are still sawing and hammering, and through the open door of the transept, where bright sunshine streams in, the masons are at work, and the mallet sounds, and chips are flying from the carved stonework. But all this is medieval in spirit, and harmonises with the spirit of these ancient walls. We seem to be assisting at the new foundation of the old priory, and the architect with his plans, and the tall parson in the cassock, and the people scattered here and there, looking on—allowing for trifling alterations in costume, are all sufficiently in keeping. And here we leave this splendid relic of other days, so altogether unique and unexpected, spared by time, escaped from fire and iconoclasts, from neglect and misdirected zeal as by a miracle. There is certainly nothing like it anywhere else in London; and no one can boast of being acquainted with old London who has not visited Saint Bartholomew the Great.

The surroundings, too, are very quaint and interesting. Cloth Fair, with its old houses, last relics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a fine old house actually clinging to the choir of the old church like a barnacle, and itself of considerable interest, with queer courts and alleys all about, lights, and shades, and colour for an artist, and quaint bits that in foreign lands one would travel far to see.

But the best thing that any one can do, is to forget all that he or she may have heard or read about old Bartholomew's; only moved by some kind of hypnotic influence to start some soft, fine, hazy morning, and following such indications as are retained in the mind, to find the way to Smithfield and old Bartholomew's, thus to enjoy the sense of something unique and unexpected, with all the attendant influences of the scene.

THE PRETTY FELLOWS.

THE history of the English swell has yet to be written. Under many different names, and in a great variety of costumes,

the swell, for centuries past, has flourished and played a leading part in the comedy of life. In one shape or another he is an ever present figure in the social kaleidoscope. His name is Proteus, for incessant change is the very essence of his existence. In the last century—a period often wrongly regarded as an age of stagnation and tame uniformity, when originality and inventiveness were not—the transformations of the beau were many. There were, among other varieties, the bucks and bloods, smarts and nerves, macaronies and jenny-jessamies, smart fellows, pretty fellows, and very pretty fellows.

The pretty fellows flourished from the days of Queen Anne to the latter years of George the Second. They were succeeded by the macaronies, and after the latter followed a long procession of dandies, counts, toffs, swells, and the Johnnies, chappies, mashers, and dudes of our own times. If the aim and end of a dandy's existence be, as Carlyle put it, "the wearing of Clothes, so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress," then the pretty fellows were dandies of the first water. They took infinite pains with their attire, and were adepts in all the mysteries of the toilet-table. Perfumes, washes, cosmetics were used to heighten their charms. The pretty fellow hid his pale face beneath as many varnishes as a fine lady. Lotions and unguents removed unsightly spots and the abhorred freckle. The dressing-room of one of these effeminate individuals was an arsenal of toilet artillery. Among many other weapons of offence and defence, the table was spread with lip-salve, eye-water, almond pastes, powder-puffs, and perfumes.

"But among many other whimsies," says a writer in the "Connoisseur," who has described the scene, "I could not conceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet informed me that it was a comb for the eye-brows."

The dress of a pretty fellow was a matter of constant study and care. Embroidered coats, laced waistcoats—with gold-worked button-holes—and black velvet breeches, were his delight. For the last-mentioned garments, black velvet was for years the extremely fashionable material.

A description of a beau in "Mist's Journal," 1727, says:

"In black velvet breeches let him put all his riches;" and another satire of the same time puts the unanswerable question:

"Without black velvet breeches, what is man?"

Fine Mechlin lace to adorn the shirt-bosom and wrists, red-heeled shoes with brilliant buckles, and gold-clocked stockings rolled up over the knees, were also essential parts of the costume of the pretty fellows. Perukes with very long queues were the fashionable wear. They were heavily scented and powdered:

Mix with powder pulvil

And then let it moulder away on his shoulder.

Not only the peruke, but the whole attire was heavily scented. Musk, civet, and orange-flower water shed their fragrance on the air. In the fob of the laced waistcoat was a gold watch. The macaroni of a later day was accustomed to carry two watches, which seldom agreed; "one to tell him," as Walpole said, "what o'clock it was, and the other what it was not."

A sword and a snuff-box were necessary parts of our beau's equipment. A hilt adorned with rich filigree work, and an elegant sword-knot with gold tassels set off the weapon that no pretty fellow was ever man enough to draw. The snuff-box was in constant and universal use. Ladies as well as gentlemen snuffed incessantly. In public places, in churches, and in the play-houses, perpetual sneezing and coughing testified to the general devotion to snuff. The pretty fellow took his Scotch or Havana, or his Strasburg, "véritable tabac," from an enamelled box, the lid of which was lined with polished metal, so that whenever the beau took a pinch he was able to enjoy the sight of himself in the mirror thus cunningly provided. Moreover, with every pinch he was able to exhibit his diamond ring and his lily-white hand.

When the pretty fellow took the air in the Mall or in the Park, he carried a long and slender staff, or sometimes a cane of curious make, which dangled from his wrist or coat button. As the manipulation of the fan was a matter of constant study and pride to the fine lady, so the right carriage of the cane was a mark of the finished beau. Pope has pictured him:

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

The long staff carried in the hand was often adorned at the top by a curiously-carved head of Gorgonian ugliness.

But it was not only in their dress and carriage that the pretty fellows proudly blazoned forth their love of effeminacy.

In imitation of the fashionable ladies, they received visits while sitting up, dressed in gowns, in their beds. They addressed one another by feminine appellations. Steele says that at White's and the Saint James's coffee-houses, he heard some of them calling to one another across the room by the names of Betty, Nelly, and so forth. They were accustomed to accost each other with effeminate airs, and, says Steele, "do a thousand other unintelligible prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of."

In society the pretty fellows would sit with the ladies and sew or knit, or skillfully ply the shuttle and thread in the fashionable occupation of knotting. They took no delight in field sports or in study, in the strifes and emulations of the Bar or the Senate; but proudly boasted of their skill in knotting and in knitting, and of their achievements with the harmless, necessary needle.

The pretty gentleman spoke a clipped and delicate speech; he refined the vulgar broadness of the vowels. If he wished to compliment a lady, he would pat her on the shoulder, and remark: "I vew, me'me, yo're immoderately entertaining." In conversation he hardly ever ventured to express dissent; but if he did go so far as to say, "Oh! pard'n me, my dear! I ken't possibly be of that opin'ion!" it was only to flatter his collocutor by afterwards allowing himself to be convinced by superior reasoning.

Garrick dealt these effeminate pretty fellows a heavy blow in his farce of "Miss in her Teens." In the part of Fribble, a vain, empty-headed coxcomb, much troubled with weak nerves, he is said to have imitated as many as eleven well-known men of fashion so that every one in the house recognised them. This onslaught was followed up in 1747 by a satirical pamphlet called "The Pretty Gentleman; or, Softness of Manners Vindicated from the False Ridicule Exhibited under the Character of William Fribble, Esq." The anonymous pamphleteer, while professing to attack Garrick and to vindicate the pretty fellows whom he had held up to the laughter of play-goers, bitterly satirises their dress, manners, amusements, and speech.

But satire has never had more than a temporary effect on social follies. If some of the absurdities of the pretty fellows vanished, others remained, which, with new follies, completed the equipment of

the macaroni and his successors. Satirists, from Horace to Carlyle, may lash the folly of clothes wearers; but the dandy is always with us. From the days of Alcibiades, of Sardanapalus, and of Petronius, through numberless generations of beaux and every possible variety of affected foolishness in dress, manners, and speech, down to the more subdued and quieter-toned dandyism of the present day, the beau, or swell, or fop has always been a conspicuous figure in the endless dissolving view known as society.

THE CHIEF OFFICER'S WAGER.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III. HOW WE DID SENTRY DUTY.

It was much past eleven before I reached the ship. The drive should have taken thirty or thirty-five minutes; but a dense fog had come on, and my poor, blundering Jehu did not get to the dock much before midnight. He had been walking at his horse's head, lamp in hand, feeling his way along the edge of the side-walk, and the cavalcade had perforce been obliged to progress at snail's pace. I paid the fare, shouldered my bag, and passed through the ware-shed opposite to where the "Elsinore" was lying. But even then I could not see her. She did not loom through the fog, she was simply invisible; and I groped my way over the littered paving-stones with the pleasant foreknowledge that at any moment I might drop down twenty feet into the dirty water below. However, the precise whereabouts of the steamer was pretty firmly fixed in my mind, as a bang from a crane-chain had given me some bearings, and, after damaging shins and temper both over innumerable pieces of merchandise, I came across a gang-plank at last, and walked up it. But as I gained the deck, a large fist gripped my coat and a gruff, sea-hoarsened voice bawled out, "Got un, by thunder!"

There was a patter of feet along the greasy planks; a lantern flashed, and Travison's voice said:

"Hullo, it's you! All right, Marline; this is Mr. Henderson, one of the passengers."

"Sorry for manhandlin' yer so rough-like, Mr. 'Enderson, sir," growled Marline, in whose throat the fog was evidently playing havoc. "I thought you was the other Johnnie, an' I'd grabbed ten quid.

Will I take this yer portmantle below, sir?"

"Yes," said Travison, "and put it in No. 18. Here's the key of the companion. Lock it from the inside, and be back again as soon as you can." The man went off on his errand, and the chief officer turned to me. "It's just the night for any one to creep on board; but there are four of us on the look-out, and, as I've got every hatch and skylight and door that leads below safely locked, there ought not to be very much danger. But still I can't help feeling abominably anxious and fidgety. What are you going to do with yourself? Turn in?"

"No; I shall stay with you, at any rate for awhile. And the dock authorities notwithstanding, I'm going to try and neutralise the effects of this foul atmosphere with some cigar-smoke. By-the-way, how is it that you are not taking in cargo? Full already?"

"Those confounded lumpers have struck. The brutes get two dollars and a half for a short day, and they want three for less work, which the dock company naturally refuse to give. It means delay, of course; and at another time I shouldn't care an atom; but now it is different, for every extra minute we are here gives Burgoyne so much the more chance to smuggle himself on board. Listen, there's somebody moving about. Oh, all right, it's only Marline."

"But don't the mails compel you to sail at a stated time?"

"We are not bound to go till the first tide on Sunday morning, and probably we shall hang on till then in the hopes that some of these ragamuffins may see fit to return to their work. But the Knights of Labour—hullo, what's that? Oars, by Jason! Here, you stay and guard this gangway."

And off he darted through the block of fog towards the port side.

I, on my part, heard, with a curious sense of impotence, the muffled footsteps of some one moving cautiously amongst the raffle on the wharf. But as the darkness was so intense that my own feet were invisible to me, a straining ear was the only organ to be relied upon. The wanderer, whoever he or she might be, suddenly became quiet; and I was beginning to speculate as to whether he had sat down, or gone into the ware-shed, or climbed on board the "Elsinore," when Travison returned.

"It was only some men in a Danish barque at the other side of the dock taking out a warp. Another scare all for nothing. And here am I for the fiftieth time since those dockers left, all in a cold perspiration. Good heavens, Henderson, you don't know what this business means! I wouldn't do it again for twice the money. A second dose would drive me into a lunatic asylum."

Marline came up again and took charge of the gangway, and we two felt our way about the decks, searching the boats, and sending lantern-rays into every nook and cranny.

"Why don't you warp her off from the dock-wall, and lie out in the middle?" I asked, as a sudden inspiration seized me. "We can't possibly keep a satisfactory watch along a beat of four hundred feet in all this murky blackness."

"No, worse luck. I thought of that this afternoon; but just as I was casting off my headfasts, a big steamer came in outside, and we were obliged to stay in order to keep the berth. You can't see her now, because of this infernal fog; but she is there fast enough—a dirty, lubberly Brazilian—and of course her people add to the confusion by making a turnpike road across our decks."

I murmured an expression of disgust, and we continued our promenade for some time in silence, pacing rapidly to and fro through the semi-solid air, with ears on the constant alert. Once Travison motioned me to caution, and proceeded to dodge some one round the after wheel-house; the said some one also dodging him. There was a rush, a grapple, and some strong language. The man was one of our own sailors. Twice we stopped and critically examined parties of the Brazilian people who were returning from a shore carouse, on one occasion nearly getting up a fight; and half-a-dozen times did suspicious wanderers on the wharf render our highly-strung nerves still more tense. One never knew what to expect next, and the suspense kept one in a constant tremble of uncertainty. I began to share Travison's unhealthy excitement, and gave up all thoughts of bed for the present. I could vividly picture Burgoyne creeping on board under cover of the darkness in forty different disguises, and by forty different routes; and a vague foreboding seemed to tell me that he was somewhere in the neighbourhood. I mentioned this last feeling to Travison, who admitted that it coincided with his own thoughts.

"Burgoyne is within a cable's length of us, of that I am sure," he said. "I can't give you any reason or proof; I can't give myself any; but I am absolutely convinced of the truth of what I say. You may call it 'second sight' if you like. Perhaps it's a slight disorder of the brain. I own to you that I am not myself. I never knew I possessed what are commonly called 'nerves' before; but they have come to the surface within the last day or two, and only to go utterly to smash, and let me tremble at a sound like the veriest coward. I'm not a gambler, you see, and I'm staking every penny I have in the world—savings from the best part of twenty years' hard, dangerous work. Burgoyne is a gambler professed. He is playing for, what is to him, a comparatively smaller sum; and he will be as cool over his moves as an iceberg. He has won the first point already. Thinking that all was fair in a fight of this kind—though I had a tough argument with myself first—I employed a private detective to shadow him; and as the fellow was supposed to be one of the 'cutest men of his trade in New York City, I thought there was little fear as to the result, especially as he had leave to get an assistant if he wanted one. But he was diddled by the simplest plan imaginable. Operations commenced on Thursday night. Burgoyne did this, that, and the other, in his usual way, went to bed, got up late next morning, walked into down town Delmonico's, and there gave my man the slip. He'd marched straight through, and gone coolly out at the other door."

"I saw him after that, you must remember."

"I know you did, and so doubtless have twenty other people. But up to eleven o'clock last night, the detective had not managed to hit off the trail again. He came here himself and told me; but I couldn't give him any useful instructions."

Once more we relapsed into silence. Day was beginning to break, and as the cold, grey light filtered through the yellow fog, so did the difficulty of seeing about the decks diminish. The muffled figures of the four watching sailors began to loom through the haze in blurred outline, and now and again we would notice a white feathery spiral of steam escaping from the slumbering winches. The air cleared more and more as the sun rose; and as it moved higher up, the mists disappeared completely. I pressed Travison, who was looking terribly haggard and worn out, to go

below and snatch a rest, saying that I would keep careful ward in his absence. But he refused, and would not even sit down.

Presently, a dockyard official—a man in blue, with many brass mountings—turned up. The dock authorities had, it seemed, made special terms with their men to complete the "Elsinore's" lading, and soon the steam winches were rattling away again, and the holds were once more alive with scurrying stavedores. All went as merrily as could be till half-past ten, when a mandate arrived from the labour tyrants; and the dockmen, with visible regret, trooped off and left us to ourselves again.

But we were not in lonely security for long. Hardly had the last of the dockers cleared out of the sheds than a howling mob of a different class pervaded them. A Methodist New Connexion minister had, as I have said, taken passage on the "Elsinore" for a starring tour in England, and his congregation had come, apparently en masse, to see him off. He was a tall, handsome man of eight-and-thirty, and the lady with him proved to be his mother, and not his wife, as the shipping-clerk had given me to understand. And, perhaps, the personal advantages of good looks and bachelorhood added greatly in some eyes to the weight of this dissenting minister's spiritual attainments, for the larger part of his admiring attendants were women. This was a distinct annoyance from one point of view. The chief officer would have been fully prepared to forcibly refuse a mob of men permission to invade the deck, but he could not, after moral suasion had failed, resort to force against a phalanx of Amazons. The Captain, too, who arrived at this juncture, made things easier for the crowd by saying good-naturedly, "Oh, let 'em come, there's no one for 'em to hinder"; and in five minutes the seething mass of men and women had filled the decks, and were running riot all over the ship like a colony of rabbits.

We watched the gangways as well as we were able, scanning every male face with the most careful scrutiny. But a party of the more enterprising ones executed a flank movement, and, getting on another steamer that lay astern of us, crossed from her to the Brazilian, and boarded us on the port side before we knew what was happening. Even supposing Burgoyne had not passed either Travison or myself, as he very well might have done in a good disguise, there was nothing to prevent his

slipping on board with this last batch. But though our defences had been overrun in the rear, we still maintained our vigil, in spite of my proposal to throw it up as useless.

"You do as you like, of course," said Travison. "I am greatly indebted to you for staying so long, and if you want to turn in now, do so. Williams has got number eighteen ready for you. But I shall stay. This strange feeling that Burgoyne is near at hand has never left me."

"If you think it worth while to stay, so do I; though the sense of Burgoyne's presence passed away from my mind when the fog went. But what does this new power you seem to have developed show? I mean how far does it range? Does it assure you that Burgoyne is still off the ship? Or does it go still further, and comfort you with the certain knowledge that he is just imbibing his fourth cocktail at some swell Broadway bar, and bragging that he has never been beaten before?"

"No, worse luck. It merely tells me this. If a circle of two hundred yards radius were drawn, with myself as centre, Burgoyne would be somewhere or other within the periphery."

"Pooh! Simply imagination. You are tough as steel wire, old man, I grant, and you sailors are used to keeping your eyes open for long periods at a stretch; but a vigil as lengthy and wearisome as this has been, upsets your nerves just as it would one of us landmen. Now look here, lie down for an hour or so on that sofa in the deck cabin. You'll be ill if you don't, and I'll promise to call you at the least suspicion of Burgoyne in the neighbourhood."

"I may get ill, but I shall not desert my post. And," he went on, testily, "don't keep harping on this 'second sight,' as you term it, being merely a trick of the imagination. I tell you it is nothing of the sort. It is a power that has just been developed in me, and it is so new and curious, that I do not know how to work it to advantage. If I had had the gift a month ago, and developed its resources, I should be able to spot the exact place where Burgoyne is now."

"If you had had anything of the kind a month ago, you would have sworn off whisky, and got the doctor to give you a dosing," said I, rather unwisely.

"I hardly ever touch whisky, Henderson, and you know it," he rejoined, angrily.

"And I must ask you to leave me if you can't let this subject alone."

He spoke with great irritableness—who would not have done so, after so trying a time?—and so wishing to avoid a quarrel, I strolled aft to where the dissenting minister was addressing his flock from the top of a saloon skylight. The man was a fine orator, and although the gist of his remarks might possibly have rubbed against my grain, I should perhaps have listened to him for a time, had not a figure amongst the audience arrested my curious attention. It was that of a man with such a pronounced stoop of the shoulders, that it was evidently an exaggerated one. He was wrapped in a long, dark ulster that reached to his heels, and wore a soft felt hat well down on his forehead. He was tall and broad—just Burgoyne's build; and when he attracted my notice, he was edging gently out of the crowd. His shining black eyes caught my glance—Burgoyne's eyes were black—and he immediately clapped a hand across the lower part of his face, and walked quickly to the companion. His movements were distinctly suspicious; and so, after waiting a moment or so, I followed him into the saloon.

My man had disappeared completely; run to earth in one of the cabins, perhaps; and the only person visible was a clerically-dressed individual, who was writing at the end table. That could scarcely be the same; but, to make sure, I spoke to him, asking if he had seen a tall, dark man enter the saloon a minute or so before. He turned round to me, showing a pasty face half-covered with short, red, bristly hair, and a pair of squinting eyes hidden, as though they were rare exotics, under glass. His dress was black and seedy; his voice might be described as gratuitously sanctimonious. He was certainly not the man I was looking for, and I was sorry in a moment for giving him the chance of rubbing up an acquaintanceship.

"M'yes, me friend," he said, "I saw the good gentleman of whom you make mention. I took it that he was a passenger like unto meself, who had fled here out of earshot of the lamentable schisms that are being preached by yon che-ild of wrath on deck. You too, I see, have sought refuge lest the accursed heresies should defile your hearing. I trust, me friend, that I see in you a fellow-passenger who belongs to the ter-ue fold?"

He laid down his pen, and was evidently

hoping for a prolonged discussion. But I was in no mood for that kind of polemics just then, and, saying politely that I hoped our creeds were the same—though inwardly I did not think it at all likely that they were—asked which way the tall dark man had gone.

"He went, me friend, down that passage, yonder; and if, as I suppose, he is a friend of yours, I ter-ust you will present him to me, in order that we may cudgel out together the great question that presses upon us."

I said I would see about it, and went down the passage-way with the full intention of never speaking to the squint-eyed man again. But, search and question how I would, the tall dark stranger was nowhere to be found. Williams had not seen him, none of the other stewards had seen him, and the purser said no such person had taken a passage. And so, convinced that he had not returned to deck again, I began to surmise that the mysterious person was no other than Burgoyne. Going to Traviason, I communicated my suspicions.

"Perhaps you are right," he said; "but, as you did not see his face, on the other hand you may be mistaken altogether. It is possibly some innocent man you were shadowing, who has gained the deck again further forward. Yes, of course, it did look fishy for him to hide his face, and I grant you if he came up the ladder by the hatch there, I should most probably have spotted him. But whether it is our man or not, I don't think it is any use your searching now. You would pass over three parts of the hiding-places, and I think I had better keep on the look-out here till we get clear away. Of course, when we are well at sea, I shall hunt through the steamer thoroughly."

CHAPTER IV. THE STOWAWAY.

SLOWLY that weary, weary day dragged itself through, and our incessant watch over the avenues of approach came to a close. The Methodist New Connexion minister's flock had for the most part dwindled away. The majority of the men had solaced themselves rather too extensively with cocktails and care-destroyers, and a cold drizzle of rain had damped the ardour of the women, via their finery. The last consignments of fresh victuals had been stowed in the ice-chamber; the canvas post-office bags were all locked

away in the mail-room. The doctor had long since finished his inspection of the steerage passengers; all was ready for leaving port.

About 11.30 p.m., a fussy, apoplectic little tug ploughed up to us across the dirty, oily surface of the dock. Steel hawsers were cast off from the bollards on the wharf, hauled on board, and coiled snugly away; the "Elainore's" head was canted to port by the tow-ropes, and the Captain on the bridge turned his engine-room telegraph to "Stand-by ahead!"

The Methodist New Connexion minister was waving last handkerchief-farewells to the knot of devoted women, who bravely held their ground to see the last of him; but, with the exception of a few from the steerage, all the other passengers were snugly below. The hour was too late, and the night too wet for them.

With slow, elephantine care, the ponderous steamer floated down the dock, now with her powerful engines standing-by ahead, now astern, and ever and anon receiving a helping hand from the panting little tug, which seemed at times well-nigh overcome by her straining exertions. We halted for a few seconds in the open lock, and half-a-dozen of those blue-clad, brass-buttoned gentry, whom one always associates with an ocean-goer in harbour, took advantage of the last opportunity of an early return to their hearths and homes. There was a small crowd assembled to see us through—why, Heaven knows, unless they had friends on board—and just as we began to gain way again, a couple of men rushed on board with a frenzied scramble. They were "pier-head jumpers"—belated stokers, both of them—who had been lingering in the whisky palaces till the last moment.

But neither was Burgoyne.

Slowly still, but with majestic ease, we passed out from the stone barriers, and soon quickening up to half-speed, glided gently down the placid waters of the Hudson.

Excepting that of Rio, New York Harbour is perhaps the finest in the world, and I have never tired of gazing at its beauties; but now, darkness and drizzle had blotted the scene completely, and the pilot was taking us through by instinct, and the bearings of an occasional light that glimmered through the haze. Travison stayed to see this professor of domestic navigation into his boat at the Hook, so as to guard against Burgoyne's

joining us even at that remote stage. But as in my mind there was little need for him, and none at all for me, to witness this ceremony, I just went below to number eighteen, and turned in. The sheets were clammy, as steamers' sheets always are; the blankets were thin and threadbare, as steamers' blankets are invariably wont to be; the mattress was like unto a badly-cobbled pavement, as steamers' mattresses have a way of being; but deadly tiredness triumphed over these trifles, and I was asleep in one turn over.

After a thirty-eight hours' tedious vigil, one takes little count of the hours that are being dedicated to sleep. I have since had reason to believe that the short hand of the saloon clock made a complete revolution between the moment of my turning in and the time when the knobby-headed steward entered number eighteen with a suggestion that I had better turn out again. But just then I fancied that my head had not been on the pillow three minutes. And so, although dimly conscious of the bustling one's presence, I deemed him but a creature of the imagination, and kept my eyes closed in expectation of some fantastic dream-romance. I heard him rattle about the cabin, which, being fitted in the usual style of backwoods luxury, did not take long to put straight; and then I heard him speak. He said something about breakfast, which my dozing brain elaborated into a lengthy harangue about the passengers, the crew, the officers, and the ship which bore them; he added a word or two about the lateness of the hour, which my mind spread into a lengthy dissertation on chronographs and chronometers; he made some polite query about the state of my health, which naturally suggested scientific diagnoses of endless length and complication; and then in the course of other communications he jerked out the word "stowaway," and my eyes opened with a snap. A bucket of sea-water could not have awakened me more thoroughly.

"What was that about Mr. Burgoyne?"

Williams stared, rubbed his knobby head with a lean, red hand in some perplexity, and enquired whether I would like a brandy and seltzer—or should he go to the doctor for a pick-me-up? He knew me too well to suspect sea-sickness, and evidently in his thoughts maligned my character by supposing that I had made a wet time of it at the leave-taking over-night.

"What were you saying just now?" I demanded.

"Hon'y that they was a 'avin' break-fas', sir. The Capt'n 'eard you singing out just now, an' sent me in to see what's along."

"Yes; but you said something about a stowaway. Is it Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Ay, Burgoyne was the name you was a-shouting out, sir, when I comed in. No, I don't know whether that's 'is name. I ain't seed 'im, sir. It's only one o' the deck-ands as passed the word just now that they'd nabbed a chap stowed away in the starb'd coal-bunker. I unpacked yer portmantle, sir, an' put the things in the lower berth—"

"Does Mr. Travison know about this stowaway?"

"Lawd, no, sir. It's the third hoffer's watch. Mr. Travison's snoring away like a new-born hinfant. 'E won't be on deck again—"

"Cut along to his cabin and tell him immediately, and say I'll be round as soon as I've tumbled into some clothes."

"Werry good, sir," said Williams, dropping his chat when he saw there was something in the wind. "Nothink helse you require?"

"No, nothing. Go along." And Williams went. I slipped a coat and breeches over my pyjamas, shuffled into some slippers, and sped off to the chief officer's cabin. But he had left it already. Up I went on deck. No Travison was in sight, but Quartermaster Marline, with a stare at my excitement, told me he was forward of the funnel.

Yes, there he was, dressed with sailor's quickness, though in deshabelle like myself, and coming towards me. Behind him were two seamen, with a ragged coal-grimed wretch between them. A glance at the latter rendered Travison's "not our man" superfluous, and with a sigh we both went below again to resume our toilette operations.

"If that poor fool's brains were clever enough to smuggle him on board," said the chief officer as we parted at the bottom of the companion, "there is little fear of a clever fellow like Burgoyne being left behind. I knew it. That 'second-sight' you jeered at tells me that he is still close at hand. However, he hasn't won his money yet. I'm on duty again directly; but I shall be free in the afternoon, and we will make a thorough search of the ship then."

CHAPTER V.

HOW WE SEARCHED THE SHIP.

OF my fellow-passengers, Staynes, the Methodist New Connexion minister, turned out to be a very decent man indeed. He was well-informed, affable, and witty; and he grew extremely popular with the rest of the saloon's occupants. His mother, a white-haired old lady, was silent and harmless. The boy was a nonentity. But the other brother—or cousin, should I say?—of the cloth, was a very different stamp of man. Within twenty-four hours he had raised a barrier between himself and every one else on board. He commenced by attempting to patronise us, and finding that resented, viewed us as pariahs. What his particular cult was no one discovered, and he did not explain. He confined himself to groaning and calling us goats; the which is not a lucid description of a preacher's creed. He also made a point of keeping as much of the saloon table as possible between himself and his nearest neighbour; a proceeding which pleased all parties.

But when Travison said to me, "I'm going to search the ship now," and I chanced to look towards the glass over the writing-table at which this peculiar person was sitting, there was mirrored there a sight which startled me. The squint-eyed man was squint-eyed no longer. His eyes were as straight as mine; and they were black—black like Burgoyne's. Moreover, he was looking at my reflection with a broad grin that was by no means the sickly, sanctimonious simper that he put on before an audience.

In a quick whisper I called the chief officer's attention to this phenomenon; but when he looked, the squint-eyed man's face had resumed its normal conditions.

"Pooh," he said, "the leopard cannot change his spots. You must have been mistaken."

I thought otherwise. But as the eyes were converging once more, and, as the mouth had resumed its old expression of pseudo-sanctity, the proofs of my assertion were gone. So I said, "Ah, perhaps so," and followed Travison to the engine-room, intending to keep a sharp watch on that squint-eyed man for the future.

Amongst the moving labyrinth of polished metal that drove the "Elsinore" along her track, we did not spend much time. No one could secrete himself there.

But away down in the glowing, swaying cavern beneath the water-line, in that place of scorching heat and icy draught, in the huge laboratory where breath was made for the pulsing engines above, we made extended search and enquiry.

Never had I been in a stoke-hole before; devoutly do I hope it may never be my fate to go there again. The place is a very inferno. We were not steaming under forced draught, and the hatches and ventilator were open above; but the air was dreadfully oppressive. The blaze from the furnace doors as they were opened, weirdly lighted up the perspiring half-naked forms of the men who were throwing coals into the greedy maws, and threw strange fantastic shadows on to the dusty air beyond. Reeking slush-lamps gleamed on swart, sweating coal-trimmers bringing fuel from the vast store away in the darkness. The roar of the flames, the clatter of iron implements, the crash of falling coal, the hoarse shouts of men, made din indescribable. And what with that, and the odour of humanity, bilge-water, and oil, mixed with the all-pervading coal-dust, I began heartily to wish myself on deck again.

Presently, with a grimy stoker as a guide, we began a climb over crumbling mountains of black stones, penetrating every corner of the bunkers, and begriming ourselves to the eyes. Next, scrambling down again, we descended to a passage beneath the nethermost hold—I had nearly written hell—through which the shaft ran, and explored that, and closely questioned the greaser on duty. Then, after narrowly inspecting the steerage and intermediate quarters, bread-room, pantries, ice-chamber, and a host of other places, we came to that sailor's drawing-room, the fore-castle.

A double tier of bunks ran round the sides, and a few hammocks swung from the deck-beams, some tenanted, most empty. Sea-chests, gunny-bags, and divers other types of marine portmanteaux, lay about in orderly confusion. Some suits of oilskins hung like grotesque suicides from eyebolts overhead. Here and there in the dim daylight we could see half-clad sailors sitting about, smoking, mending their clothes, doing nothing. The buzz of conversation which rose hoarsely above the constant hammering of the seas on the iron plates without, ceased when the chief officer's form was seen descending the ladder, and a squat old Scots quarter-

master, with a face like a moist walnut-shell, scrambled to his feet to see what was wanted.

"Stowaway doon hear?" He grinned at the absurdity of such a notion. "Ye might as weel speir fer an iceberg, sir. Ay, sairch an' wailcome; but ye'll find naught. Sailor-folk 'ud liefer harbour fleas than sic creepin' cattle amang them."

Travison had a good look round, and then rejoined me at the foot of the ladder.

"Look here," he said, "would any of you lads like to earn a hundred sovereigns for saying three words?"

There was an amazed stare from every man to his neighbour; and one of them, a German, whipping a sheath-knife from his belt, held it out, as much as to say, "were the words anything in that line?"

"I have reason to suppose," the chief officer went on, "that we have still got a man stowed away on board who has no business here. Some of you know him. He has crossed in the 'Elsinore' before—Mr. Burgoyne. Now he has no right here. But setting aside that part of the question for a moment, I am heavily interested in him on a personal score, so I will offer a hundred pounds to the first man who brings me news of his whereabouts."

There were some joyful exclamations at this, and several men jumped to their feet as if to commence an immediate search. But Travison motioned them to silence.

"Wait a minute," said he. "This Mr. Burgoyne is a rich man. He will very likely offer twice that amount if his finder will help to keep him hidden till after we have cleared Queenstown. So I'll put another offer on top of the last. When Mr. Burgoyne is found, I will distribute five hundred pounds amongst the rest of the crew. So the man who plays into Mr. Burgoyne's hands had better look out for squalls when his mates hear about it."

The men gave a rumbling cheer of satisfaction, and then commenced hurling sea-blessings on the head of "any swab who dared bear a hand to keep that skulker under hatches a bell after he was sighted."

We went on deck again, and I congratulated Travison on his move.

"He may have bought over two or three of the crew," I said, "or maybe even half-a-dozen. But he can't have tampered with the whole lot. Depend upon it, if Mr. Burgoyne is on board, he will be hunted out of his hole before dinner to-night."